

To My Friends in Georgia,
Many of whom have known of my long suffering from that dreadful affliction, Eczema: "I am proud to testify to the wonderful merits of Tetterine, which has cured me as sound as a gold dollar, after spending more than \$400.00 for other remedies without the slightest relief. Wm. M. Tumlin, Manager Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association." 50c. box at druggists or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

World's Largest Theater.
The Degollada theater, the front of which was damaged by the recent earthquake in Guadalajara, is probably the most costly and certainly the most modern of the city's great buildings, and it is accorded the distinction of being the largest exclusively theatrical structure on the continent. Its corner stone was laid in 1856, and although at the present day it is not entirely completed, some \$3,000,000 have been expended in its construction. It is four stories in height, and covers an area of 11,272 square feet. The interior plan is modeled after the great Parisian playhouse, the boxes being arranged in tiers about the three sides of the auditorium, while the fourth is entirely taken up by the stage, which has a length of 155 feet by 55 in depth.

Wireless Telegraphy in Warfare.
Apropos of the use of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy in the war in South Africa, it is interesting to note that it has been proved the cannonading does not interfere with the transmission of messages. The apparatus has been worked successfully and messages sent while the largest guns in the British navy were being fired.

Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula Salt Rheum
Scald Head Boils, Pimples
All kinds of Humor Psoriasis
Blood Poisoning Rheumatism
Catarrh Malaria, Etc.
All of which are prevalent at this season. You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

A Commercial Opportunity.
Instead of looking with apprehension to China as a possible competitor in the markets of the world, it should be the earnest and constant effort of our government and people to stand for the maintenance of the equality of commercial opportunity which we possess under existing treaties with that empire. We have our share to do in building the thousands of miles of railroads still wanting in China, of supplying her with all forms of machinery, with electric plants, and with all the appurtenances of productive industry and civilized progress for which China offers, and will continue to offer, for generations to come, the greatest market in the world. Never, surely, was the bogy of over-production invoked with so little reason to frighten enterprise and to repress the growth of commerce, as with reference to an industrial race of 350,000,000, of a nation just awakening from the slumber of centuries. "Commercial Possibilities of China," by James S. Fearon, in the January Forum.

Backaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the backaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

BARN SWALLOWS.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

In the old brown barn by the shaded wall,
With moss-grown shingles, and chinks that stare
At the blue of sky, or the stars o'er all,
In the solemn hush of the evening air.
There the swallows build where the eaves slope low,
And cling and flutter and twitter and call
From their mud-built nests in a plastered row.
Or preen and croon on the ridge-pole tall.
In the flush of morn is a flash of wings
O'er the still, gray pool, where the shadows lie,
Till the downy breasts send the crystal rings
In widening curves o'er the mirrored sky.
In through the squares of the windowless loft,
And out of the gloom to the light they go,
With a whirr of wings and a murmur soft,
While we dream on the fragrant hay below.
O sweet barn-swallows, I hear you call—
Your twitter of song and notes of cheer,
And I lie again where the sunbeams fall
Through the mottled loft, in a vanished year.

Under Arrest.



HE was an uncommonly pretty girl, and it was not mere beauty of feature and coloring, there was something more in the face. Perhaps it was the expression of the blue eyes that changed in sympathy with one's mood, or perhaps it was an indescribable something about the small mouth, which was smiling one moment and serious the next. At any rate, I went to Mrs. Parker's dance quite fancy free, and came away that night minus my heart.
Her name was Helen Evertson. We had danced together three or four times, had eaten our supper in a dimly lighted corner of the great, square hall, and at parting I had helped her on with her long, fur trimmed cloak, and held her hand in mine for a moment. Then she had vanished into the carriage that was waiting at the door—and that was all.
I strolled home, determined that very shortly I would ask Mrs. Parker, who was an old friend of my mother's, to take me to call upon Mrs. Evertson.

Some two weeks later we moved from the home where my boyhood had been spent, my father having bought a house farther up town. Our new residence was one of a row of houses that extended over half a block, each one being the exact counterpart of all the others. This made it rather confusing at first, particularly as the numbers were on the lower panels of the doors, and, in consequence, quite useless after dark. The first few evenings, when returning home from business, I counted the houses to avoid any possibility of mistake, after which I came to know our own door instinctively and ceased to give the matter any thought.

The Christmas holidays had come and gone and I had still no opportunity of following up my acquaintance with Miss Evertson. I called several times at Mrs. Parker's, but had always been so unfortunate as to find her out. At last I wrote her a note, to which she replied, saying that she was just going to Washington for a few weeks, but would be glad to take me to call at the Evertsons' on her return.

I left the office one afternoon in a blinding snowstorm, and alighting from the car at the corner of our street, hurried along through the gathering gloom, feeling thankful when I found myself at the door of my home. I turned the key in the lock, and entering the house closed the door after me, giving, as I did so, a sigh of satisfaction and relief. The house was all in darkness, but not knowing where to put my hand on a match, and taking it for granted that the maid would light the hall gas presently, I did not trouble myself about it, but made my way up to my own room, which was in the third story.

I had just reached the upper hall when the front door opened and then closed, after which came the sound of an unfamiliar footstep on the stair. It was lighter than father's and quicker than mother's, and could not possibly belong to either of the servants, who were both middle-aged and moved slowly. Along the second story hall and up the next flight of stairs came the strange step, while I grew more and more curious. I had to hunt some time to find the matches, which were not in their accustomed place on the mantelpiece. I discovered them at last, and as I struck a light I heard a stifled exclamation from the head of the stairs. Hastily lighting the gas I turned around and at the same moment the door of my room was closed with what seemed to me most unnecessary violence, and the sound of the key being turned in the lock fell upon my astonished ear.

Down the stairs flew the feet which a few moments before I had heard coming up, and once more the front door was opened and then closed.

Wondering very much at these singular proceedings I rattled the knob and called all to no purpose. There was no bell in my room and it was evident that father and mother were out. It was useless to try to make myself heard by the servants.

At last, deciding that this must be a joke on the part of one my young cousins, who occasionally visited us, and who had probably arrived that

day during my absence down town, I took off my overcoat and sat down before the grate fire that I had lighted. It was very soothing and comfortable to feel the warmth stealing over my well-nigh benumbed limbs, and, lost in day dreams, I soon forgot that I was a prisoner.

I do not know how long I had sat there half dozing, when I was aroused by the sound of voices in the hall.

"He is in there," came in an audible whisper. Oh, do be careful, I have no doubt he is armed!"

The next moment the door opened, and a tall, muscular Hibernian, wearing a policeman's uniform, entered the room.

He looked considerably astonished at seeing me sitting quietly before the fire, but quickly recovering himself, he laid hold of my arm, saying as he did so:

"Will yer come along wid me quiet, or will I have to make yer? It's under arrest ye are. What does a decent-lookin' man like yerself want to be snak thavin' for an' soarin' young ladies out of their wits?"

I stared at the man in amazement. Looking about I assured myself that I was surrounded by my own familiar possessions, while my uninvited visitor's viselike grip on my arm convinced me that I was awake.

"Officer," I finally managed to utter, "there is some mistake."

He gave a sarcastic laugh as he answered:

"That's what they always say, every toime. Come along wid me now." "But this is my father's house, and this is my own room!" I exclaimed. "I don't know the young lady to whom you refer may be, but I should say she had come a considerable distance out of her way to get frightened."

"He is quite right—I am the real intruder," said a gentle, feminine voice.

A very much mortified looking young girl was standing in the doorway. "Miss Evertson!"

"Mr. Clark, I do not know what I can say—how I can explain this mistake," she stammered. "We live in one of these houses, and my room is the one corresponding to this. When I came home a little while ago I let myself in with my key and came directly upstairs. Seeing you in what I supposed to be my room I thought of course that you were a sneak thief. I did not have time to recognize you, and the halls were dark, and the possibility of having gotten into the wrong house never occurred to me. When I came back with this officer I was guided by my own recent footprints in the snow, which accounts for my second mistake—I cannot tell you how sorry and ashamed I feel."

The good-natured Irishman indulged in a hearty laugh in which I joined, and Miss Evertson, too, notwithstanding her embarrassment, could not help seeing the ridiculous side of the situation.

We proceeded down stairs, where we met my father and mother, who had just come in, and to whom it was necessary to explain the presence in their house of an officer of the law and a strange young lady. They enjoyed the joke, and seeing Miss Evertson's embarrassment, endeavored to put her at her ease.

And then, with no thought of cold or snow, I put on my hat and coat and escorted our fair neighbor to her door.

One Sunday afternoon in the spring I was calling at Mrs. Parker's, and as I was about to take my departure my hostess said:

"The weather is lovely, now. We must go and call upon the Evertsons very soon."

I felt conscious of coloring up like a girl as I answered:

"You are very kind, Mrs. Parker, but I have been without waiting for you. In fact, I go there almost every evening, and Helen and I are to be married in June."—What to Eat.

"Ditch Rider" of the Irrigating States.

One of the newest of occupations is that of "ditch rider" in the Western States which have large irrigating canals. The "ditch rider" patrols the ditch throughout the season of actual operation to see that the works are in good repair and to superintend the proper distribution of water to the various stockholders or irrigators from the system. Where a ditch is not longer than twelve or fifteen miles, one ditch rider is expected to patrol its entire length, but upon more extensive systems several may be required. In the latter case the canal is divided into divisions, each of which is patrolled by a separate rider, and the length of a division depends upon the character of the duties, varying with the amount of repairs, the danger of breaks and leaks, and the number of regulating gates to look after. The average length of a division is from twelve to fifteen miles, and the average compensation for the work ranges from \$50 to \$75 a month, out of which he must pay his own board and furnish and maintain his own horse and cart.

Importance of Teaching Good Manners.

There is no more important work done in our schools than in teaching "moral and manners." The lessons should come not once a week, but daily, and the teacher who cannot find "matter" sufficient for a daily lesson is lacking in essentials. True manners are the passports of the gentleman. Too often our boys think that good manners are for cultivation by others, not for them. "The boy is father to the man," and the ill-mannered boy is the future fault-finding man. By lacking manners, you lack friends.

To smile, to bow, to lift the hat, to beg pardon, to say "thank you," cost nothing. No one will ever know the vast good that these words and similar ones have accomplished.—St. John's Church Quarterly.

Beary Is a Peroxide Blonde.

It isn't the fault of one of the most respected guests of Moor Park, Los Angeles, Cal., if, as is suspected, his hair has been shamelessly dyed. He is only a bear and could not protest. Nobody knows how much the ambitious park commissioners paid to add a grizzly to the park menageries. The commissioners were inclined to be extravagant for once, because they had long wanted a grizzly, and grizzlies are hard to get. What many persons claim to know quite definitely, however, is that this bear is not a grizzly. As the story goes, this animal was once a common black bear, or "buzzard," a worthless, cowardly, ill-esteemed scavenger that, according to the hunter who captured him, had not the right to live. So he tried to get up a fight between the bear and the dog. As this was interfered with, the hunter permitted a flippant minded barber who claimed to have effectual hair dyes to try his hand at the bear. Well fortified with whiskey, the barber undertook to "bleach" the bear.

The Way to Make Money

Is to save it, and that is what you can do by securing from your grocer a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, embossed in gold, all for 5c.

The British War Office has declined the services of General B. Garibaldi for South Africa on the simple ground of his nationality.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known Dr. J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALTON, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A movement is on foot in Hamburg to unite the various scientific institutes in the city into a sort of university.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Miss Daisy Stevenson, a slight, unassuming woman of Rochester, N. Y., owns and operates a butcher shop.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c. a bottle.

Montana is said to have mined \$40,000,000 worth of copper last year. This beats the gold or silver record of any State in the Union.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 23, 1894.

Massachusetts has one hundred and sixteen street railway companies, controlling 1,492 miles. Last year the increase in mileage in the State was thirty-five.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The coal fields in Pennsylvania are nearly all taken up. Coal land in Connellsville district is selling for about \$1,000 an acre. The iron, steel and coal men are turning to the West Virginia fields.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS BROMO QUININE. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Mrs. Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, N. Y., made a fortune out of covering buttons with cloth.



A KNOCK OUT

There is more disability and helplessness from

LUMBAGO

than any other muscular ailment, but

St. Jacobs Oil

has found it the easiest and promptest cure of any form of

LAME BACK



TWO hundred bushels

of Potatoes remove eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. One thousand pounds of a fertilizer containing 8% "actual" Potash will supply just the amount needed. If there is a deficiency of Potash, there will be a falling-off in the crop.

We have some valuable books telling about composition, use and value of fertilizers for various crops. They are sent free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 95 Nassau St., New York.



The bright polish of parlor furniture is dimmed in time, even if you live far from the smoke and soot of the city, but a thick suds of Ivory Soap in lukewarm water and a soft cloth will make it bright again with small labor. Ivory Soap is so pure that it is fitted for all such special uses requiring a soap that is known to be harmless.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Short on Legs.
The volunteers in the Philippines wrote home to the old man as follows: "Father: I need \$50 immediately. Lost another leg in battle yesterday." And this was the reply he received from the old man: "James: As this is the fourth leg you've lost—according to your letters—you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and wobble along on any other legs you may have left. That's all I can say to you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for children and adults. Cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, grippe, bronchitis and incipient consumption. Price 25c.

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Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 witnesses. The price is low. W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your doctor should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c extra for postage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

DR. ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 5, Atlanta, Ga.

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And every other man and woman who is desirous of benefiting from the experience of those brainy and patient souls who have been experimenting and practicing the results of those experiments, generation after generation, to obtain the best knowledge as to how certain things can be accomplished, until all that valuable information is gathered together in this volume, to be spread broadcast for the benefit of mankind at the popular price of

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25 Cents in Postage Stamps. The low price is only made possible by the enormous number of the books being printed and sold.

It treats of almost everything in the way of Household Matters, including RECIPES FOR FAMILY USE, Covering all the Common Complaints and giving the Simplest and most Approved Methods of Treatment.

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Above 10 Page, worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalogue, telling all about SALER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO receipt of the year, and a 1c. stamp. We invite you to order, and know when you once try Salzer's, you will never do without. \$100 Prizes Salzer's 1904 Calendar. Send 14c. stamp on order to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. 1,000,000 witnesses. The price is low. W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your doctor should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c extra for postage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

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